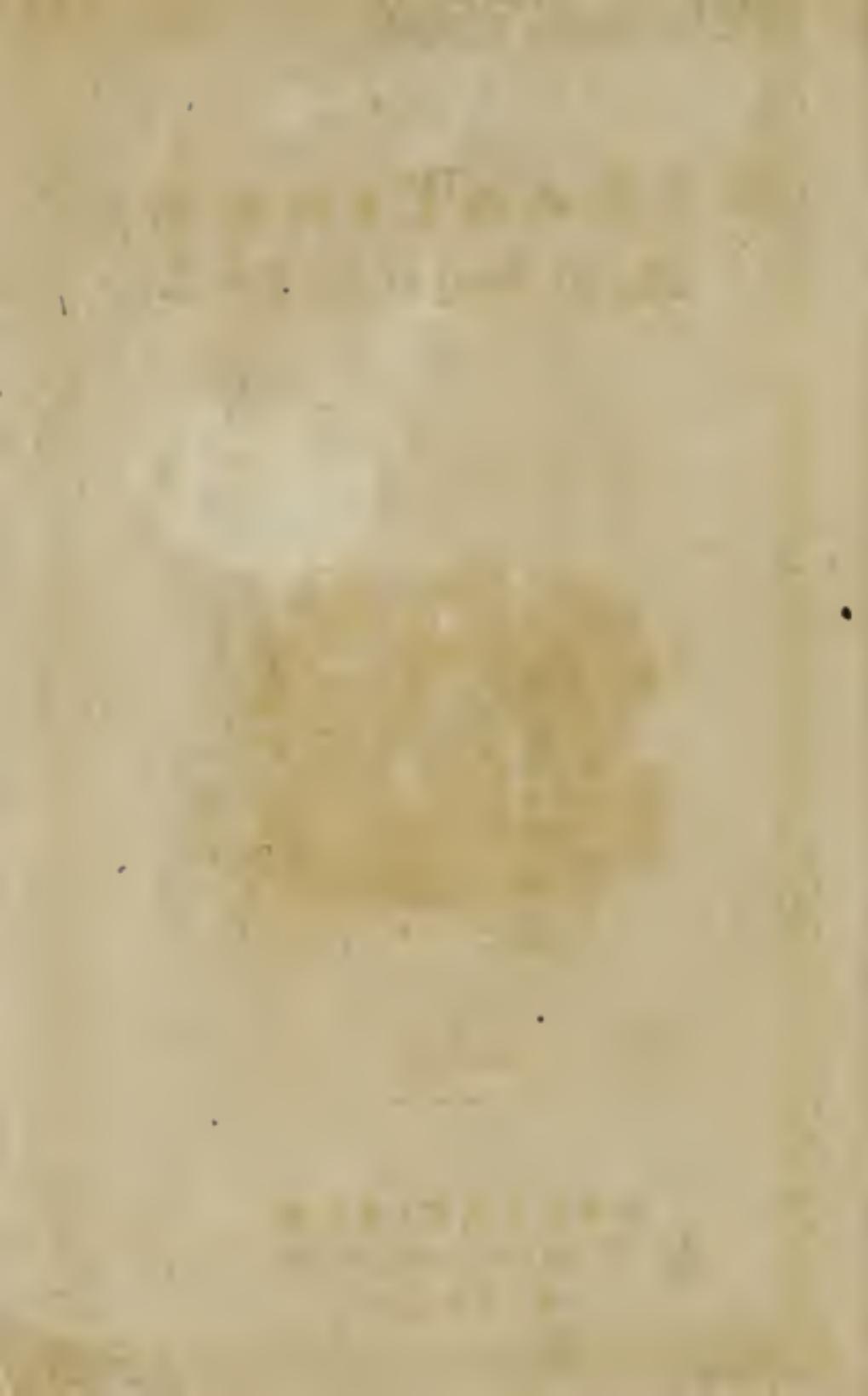


THE
Red **S**quirrel.



—

A. PHELPS—Greenfield.



THE
R E D S Q U I R R E L.



—
GREENFIELD:

A. Phelps.

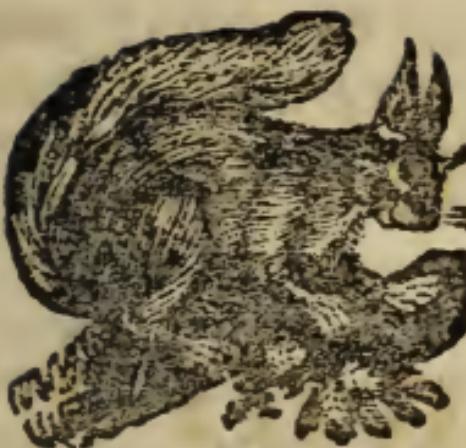
A B C D E

F G H I J K

L M N O P

Q R S T U

V W X Y Z.



THE pretty red Squirrel lives up
 in a tree,
A blithe little creature as ever
 can be :
He dwells in the boughs where
 the stock dove broods,
Far in the shade of the green
 summer woods.



His food is the young juicy cones
of the pine,
And the milky beech nut is his
bread and wine.

In the joy of his heart, he frisks
with a bound,
To the topmost twigs, then down
to the ground,
Then up again like a winged
thing,
And from tree to tree with a
vaulting spring;



Then he sits up aloft and looks
waggish and queer,
As if he would say, " Ay, follow
me here!"
And then he grows pettish and
stamps with his foot,
And then independently he cracks
his nut.

But small as he is, he knows he
may want,
In the bleak winter weather when
food is so scant,
So he finds a hole in an old tree's
core,
And there makes his nest, and
lays up his store ;
Then when cold winter comes, and
the trees are bare,
When the white snow is falling
and keen is the air,



He heeds it not, as he sits by
himself
In his warm little nest, with his
nuts on his shelf.
O, wise little squirrel; no wonder
that he
In the green summer woods is as
blithe as can be.





A GOAT.



AN IBEX.



